GARGON



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I. H. S.

The Jargon

VOLUME V.

Published by the Students of

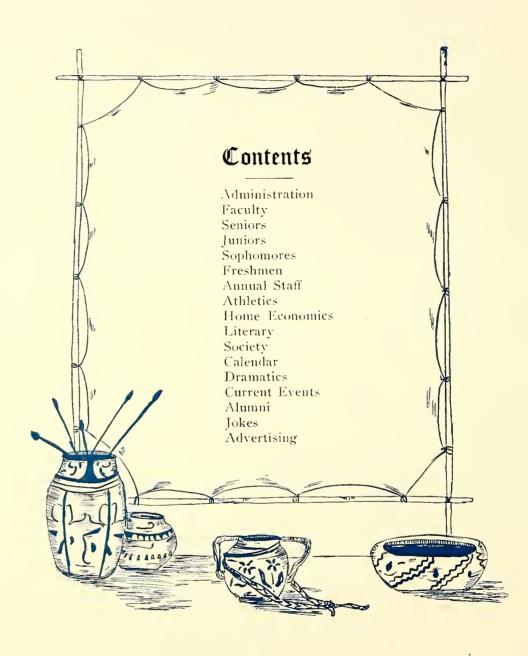
JUDYVILLE HIGH SCHOOL

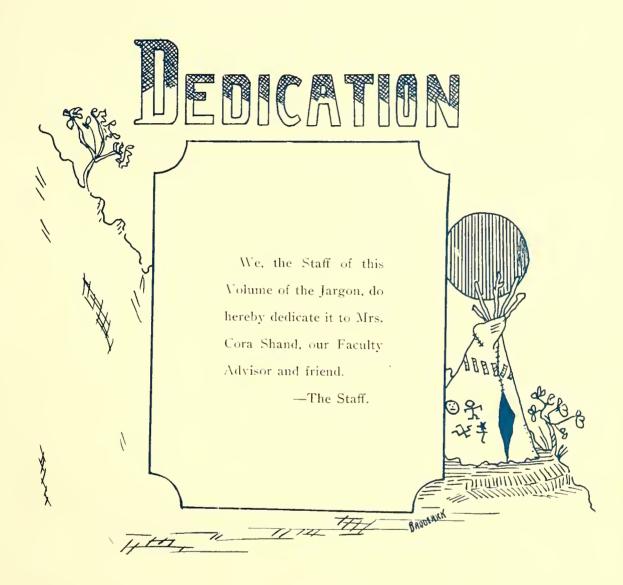
Judyville, Indiana

Elmo M. Francis, Editor











Administration

Judyville High School, 1928

Advisory Board

Arbie Haupt

William Ruark

Lew Davis

William Davis, Superintendent

Leo Hunter, Trustee

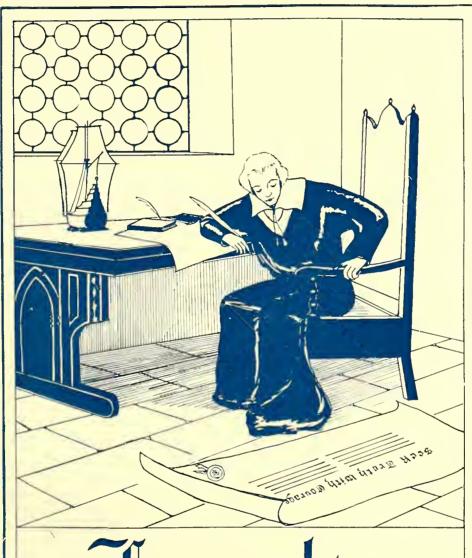
Our Faculty

Elias Brower, Principal Leah Miller Mrs. Cora Shand Alma P. Lee

To these advisors we owe the thanks due to all teachers. If we would reach the top, we must climb. Anything worth having is worth striving for. Did you ever scale a mountain? If so, what difficulties did you encounter, what briers and thorns and tangled shrubbery obstructed your path? What hollows and upheavals were before you—hollows where the mountain streams had trickled down, upheavals where the swollen earth had burst her green-mantled sod-all tending to make your ascent difficult and discourage and dishearten you. But with what eagerness you turned your eves to the top, where the great vernal heights stood towering up into the fleecy clouds. To make your journey less wearisome, and to catch a glimpse of the grandeur above you, the thought of reaching your goal was of itself an inspiration. And when you stood beneath the shadows of the pines on the mountain top and gazed far down into the valley, with what a sense of triumph you viewed your tiresome journey. All that is beautiful, good, and true lies at the top, and we must climb to attain it. So it is with our high school days. The inspirations to work and attain the top are ushered into our minds by our instructors and we who have attained the goal do surely thank the people who sacrificed for us, and who have assisted us so willingly and have provided us with the instruments of Knowledge.

Elmo M. Francis, '28.

THE JARGON



Faculty

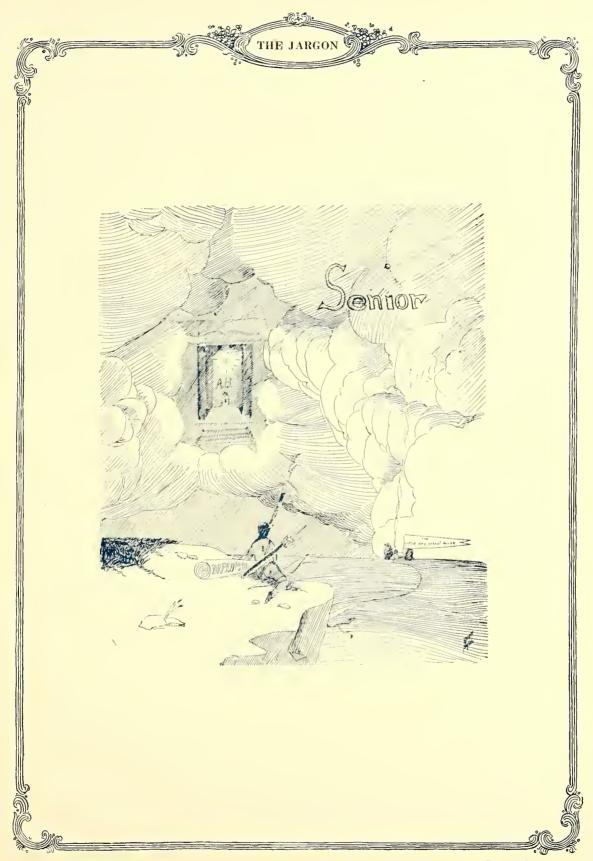




Elias Brewer Science Occupation How-To-Study

Mrs. Cora Shand English Bookkeeping Art Leah Miller History Mathematics

Mrs. Alma Lee Music-Domestic Science



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RACHEL ZENOR

"Her modest looks the cottage might adorn, Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn."

President Freshman class at Williamsport, '25. Secretary Sophomore class at Williamsport, '26. Treasurer of Jargon, '28. President of Senior class. "The Early Bird."





ANITA V. CROW

"None knew her but to love her, None named her but to praise."

Secretary of Sophomore class '26. Assistant editor of annual '27. "Deacon Dubbs." Advertising manager of Jargon '28. "The Early Bird."





DORA HURLEY

"Talk the more communicated, More abundant grows."

Business manager of Jargon '28. "The Early Bird."





FAIRIE CREAMER

"Happy am I, from care I am free, Why aren't they all happy like me."

Glee Club '25.
"Hans Von Smash," '26. Glee Club. "Poor Father."
Assistant editor of Jargon '28. "The Early Bird."



CECIL ABEL

"And still they gazed, and still their wonder grew; That one small head could carry all he knew."

Vice-President of Freshman class '25. Baseball. Basketball. Oratorical contest.

Basketball '26. Baseball.

Vice-President of Junior class '27. Baseball. "Deacon Dubbs."

Art editor of Jargon '28. "The Early Bird." Baseball. Vice-President of Senior class.





LEOTA BOOTH

"Thy dimpling cheek and deep brown eye: Where tender thought and feeling lie."

Secretary-Treasurer Sophomore class '26. President of Junior class '27. "Deacon Dubbs." Assistant editor of Jargon '28. "The Early Bird."





BILLY DAVIS

"I never did repent for doing evil, Nor shall not now."

Baseball '25. Basketball. Debating.

Vice-President '26. Basketball. Baseball. "Hans Von Smash." "Poor Father."

Secretary of Junior class. Joke editor of Jargon. Baseball. Business manager of the Jargon '28.

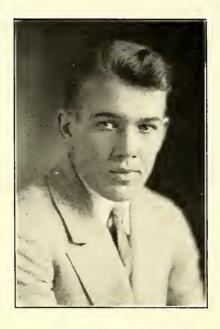




EVERETT LAPPIN

"Compare me with the great men of the world; What am 1? Why, a pigmy among giants."

Basketball '25. Baseball. Glee club.
"Hans Von Smash." Basketball. Baseball '26.
Baseball '27.
Sports editor of Jargon '28. Baseball. "The Early Bird."



ELMO M. FRANCIS

"In arguing too, the pastor owed him skill
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still."

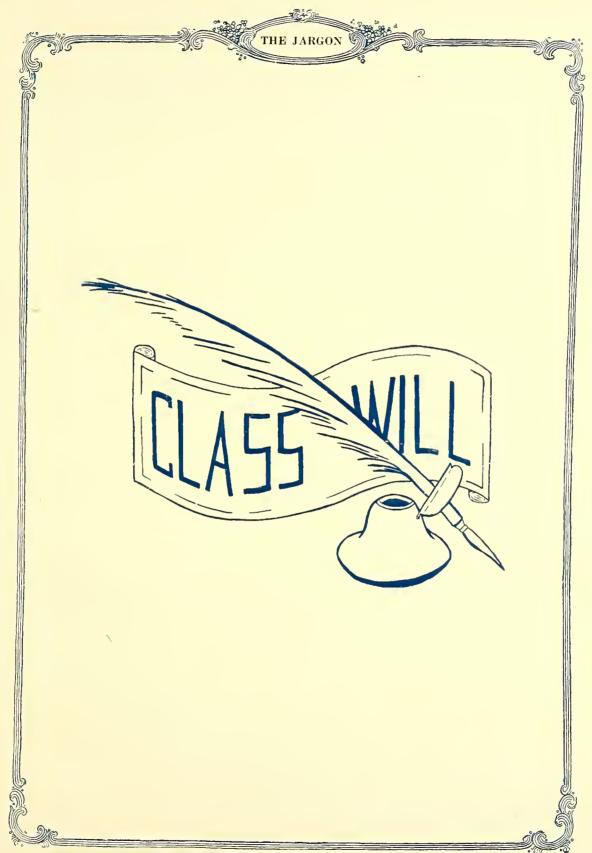
President of Freshman class '25. Editor Freshman class '25. Glee club.

Joke editor, Jargon. Oratorical contest. "Poor Father." "Dreadful
Twins." Basketball. Baseball.

Editor of Sophomore class '26. Business manager of Jargon. Basketball. Baseball.

President of Junior class '27. Business manager of Jargon. Baseball. "Deacon Dubbs."

Secretary of Senior class. Editor-in-chief of Jargon. Baseball. Winner of "Lincoln Essay" contest.



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Class Will

We, the Senior class of Judyville High School, being of sane and sound mind, with no malice and partial to none, do hereby will and bequeath our possessions as follows:

- Art. 1. To the whole school our superior initiative and unexcelled records as students.
- Art. 2. To Mr. Brewer our sincere thanks for his careful supervision and devoted interest in our success.
- Art. 3. To Miss Miller the right to make the coming Seniors behave as we have in Economics.
- Art. 4. To Mrs. Shand pleasant memories as our class sponsor and staff advisor.
- Art. 5. To Mrs. Lee our combined hopes that next year the music class will know the scale.
- Art. 6. Everett Lappin-My dancing ability to Vivian on condition that she doesn't ruin it.
- Art. 7. Leota Booth—To Cherry Carpenter my smiles and becoming ways.
 - Art. 8. Anita Crow—My shyness of boys to Dorthea Cameron.
- Art. 9. Elmo Francis—The science of skipping school to Floyd Ford, providing he defends it.
- Art. 10. Cecil Abel—To Gene Renville the exclusive right to go to Kramer without having flat tires.
 - Art. 11. Dora Hurley—The art of public speaking to Sylvia Crow.
- Art. 12. Rachel Zenor—My behavior in school to Desmond Abel and Gene Renville, even tho' they don't need it.
- Art. 13. To the Juniors the Commercial room, but it must be kept as neat and immaculate as the Seniors have done (?).
- Art. 14. To the Sophomores the sole and undisputed right to the Juniors' ponies, if they won't be overworked.
- Art. 15. To the Freshmen the privilege of remaining green in order that the coming Freshies won't feel lonesome.
 - Art. 16. Billy Davis—My behavior in school to Fern Kiger.
- Art. 17. Rachel Zenor—My ability to work Commercial Arithmetic to Louise Renville.
- Art. 18. Cecil Abel—My knowledge to John Carpenter, providing he uses it to the best advantages.
- Art. 19. Elmo Francis—My ability to argue with the teachers to any of the boys in case they should need it.

Written this Eighteenth day of April by

Cecil Abel

Witnesses:

Dan Armstrong, John Dope.

THE JARGON



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Senior Class Prophecy

Lo, and behold! Twenty years have well nigh elapsed since that class of nine dignified Seniors of the year 1928 started forth in the world to form their careers. If their plans were made, perhaps those plans were somewhat altered. But we sincerely hope that their lives have been spent in happiness.

Many times I have wondered into what lot my classmates might have been cast, and coming home one evening, very tired from the many duties of a nurse, I began to plan for a vacation. I had often longed to visit dear old Judyville. So early the next morning I started my journey back to that little town where I had spent many happy school-days.

You can hardly guess my surprise and amazement when upon reaching my destination I found myself in a large city. The smoke was rolling forth from the factories and from the homes of many thousands of people. I was at a great loss to know where to go, but I made my way through a vast throng and out into a very busy street.

I had walked but a short distance when I was very much astonished at hearing my name spoken and when I turned to see from whence it came I found myself looking into a bright smiling face of a well dressed gentleman of about thirty years of age. I fear I was very forgetful in failing to recognize my classmate, Everett Lappin. Upon making further inquiry I found he was one of the wealthy bankers of the city. He said if I would visit 429 East Main I would find another of my classmates. Being very much interested in all the members of the class of '28, I made my way to the place indicated.

On reaching the place I had been told about I found myself in front of a very magnificent mansion. I soon became aware of the presence of two small children. I was on the verge of speaking to them when a third person appeared on the scene.

I immediately recognized Leota. She was very surprised to see me, and came forward with extended hands and a beaming smile. After a few pleasant words of greeting she conducted me into the house and there I was introduced to her husband, Mr. Abner Pence.

After eating an excellent dinner we talked of olden times. I was not surprised to hear that Rachel was teaching school. For it had been her desire all her life.

Leota then handed me the daily paper and one of the most important items I saw was the announcement of the wedding of Mr. Billy Davis and Evelyn Etchison. Billy had been in the navy many years but had at last decided to live a retired life.

Then there was Anita who used to play the saxophone so well, and who chummed with Fairie. For many years she had been on the stage, but having acquired millions of dollars, she left the stage and accompanied Fairie, who had been traveling in search of her ideal husband, but she said that she was now contented since Anita was traveling with her.

Leota said that Indiana had never had a better governor than Cecil Abel, and although they hated to lose him as governor they were delighted to know that he was going to be president of the U. S. A.

I could hardly wait to find out what had become of Elmo. But Leota said that she had a purpose in leaving him until the last. I was not at all surprised as to her purpose when about five that evening the door bell rang and I found myself greeting my friends Rosalie and Elmo. It seemed as though they were just the same.

I am sure I could never have spent a more pleasant vacation than I did in Judyville that week. I had but one regret and that was that my visit came to a close far too soon, but I returned to my work with a light heart, for I had the assurance that my friends were well and happy.

Dora Hurley, '28.

Look Up

I saw a little muddy stream
That turned to fairest blue,
Because its surface caught the gleam
Of heaven's azure hue,
And so this life, whate'er it be,
Might turn to heaven fair,
If we would lift our eyes and see
The beauty everywhere.



History

In the year 1924 as fair September ushered in her golden days, a mighty group of young students were welcomed into J. H. S., the Home of Education.

Boys and girls from far away Pence,
Gathered in on learning bent.

Modest maidens and youths so fine,
Marched along in a matchless line.

Those with pluck and some quite witty,
Rushed along from the nearby city.

And do not forget those from the farm,
Ah! the empty head, but the mighty arm.

Those from the home town too were there,
With the oversized heads and the city airs.

And here you have them young and sound,
Climbing the ladder of learning from the first round.

Class officers were elected:

| President | Elmo M. Francis |
|----------------|------------------|
| Vice-President | Billy Davis |
| Treasurer | William McKinzie |

In our Sophomore the class had decreased some in number but not in spirit. The officers were:

| President | Leota Booth |
|---------------|----------------|
| Vice-Presiden | Cecil Abel |
| Treasurer | Anita Crow |

As Juniors the class entered with the utmost joy, determination and hope. Again the enrollment had decreased. Class officials were:

| PresidentElmo | Μ. | Francis |
|----------------|--------|---------|
| Vice-President | Cec | il Abel |
| Treasurer | .Billy | Davis |

And now the realization of the four years of untiring efforts—Graduation.

"Ah, yes, dear classmates, this is the end,
The end of our high school days, 'tis true,
But just the beginning of a school that's new,
The school of life through which all must pass.
There's no such thing as skipping a class,
No pull with the teachers, but still lots of fun,
When life's lessons are learned and your work is well done.

Elmo M. Francis '28.



Life

Life! Ah, yes, but think what it means
You, who go plodding along Time's by-ways,
Living in fantasies and dreams,
Still acting your part in the world's Play.

We soon depart from this old earth,
And other people take our place,
Occupying the same old berth,
Accomplishing great deeds in Life's fast pace.

Acting the part of martyrs and frauds, Reviving ancient ideas of the past decades, Receiving publicly the much desired applause As they march in Life's fantastical parade.

You must contest to reach the top, In the many vicissitudes of Life. Don't falter along and stop, Instead gain success and eternal delight.

Praise not the frivolous egotist;
He merits no praise whatsoe'er,
Who is a moping pessimist,
Forever failing in his endeavors.

Waste not your time in idle moments, Desiring an easier position, For Life extracts from them high rents, For the foolery of asking subventions.

You are able to accumulate,
And compete with the greatest of minds,
So labor and advise insuring the fate
And destiny of millions who are behind.

So let us act while Life remains,
Advancing in some progressive way,
Achieve success and worldly fame:
For time is labor and not play.
Elmo M. Francis, '28.



Senior Class Poem

Twas the year of twenty-four,
Fifteen green freshies stood at the door.
Wondering what there was within;
Waiting as it for the trial to begin.
At last we settled down to fate,
Determined to try at any rate.
The year ended and we were still alive;
Thus we became Sophomores of twenty-five.

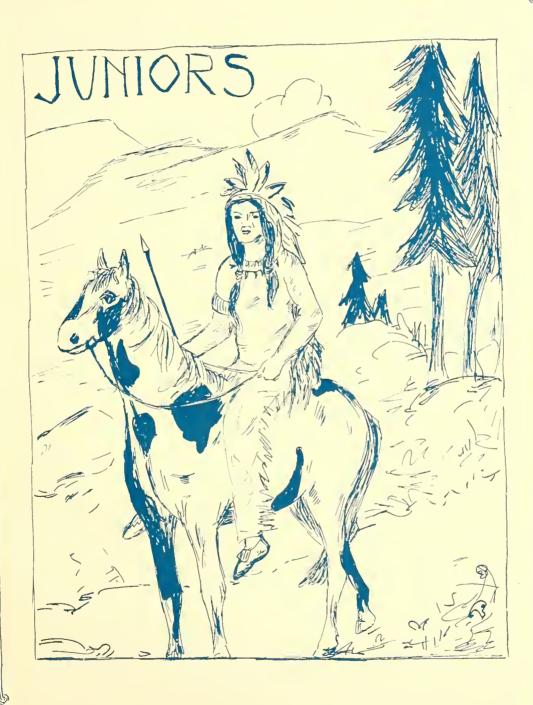
Nineteen twenty-five arrived at last,
And we returned quite a different class,
For now we are minus four
Of the worthy members of the year before.
Latin and Geometry puzzled us,
And some of us raised an awful fuss;
But we finally got out of our awful mix,
For we were become Juniors in twenty-six.

When we were Juniors we had nothing to fear,
For Mrs. Shand was such a dear.
Soon our number fell to nine,
For Ralph left at Christmas time.
Caesar was an awful trial,
It wrecked our brains for quite a while.
But after exams we seemed in Heaven;
For we were Seniors for twenty-seven.

The year of twenty-seven would have been swell,
But, "Judyville or Williamsport" was the yell.
Judyville won out at any cost,
And only Delbert D. was lost.
To our gain came Rachel fair,
She and Leota make a handsome pair.
Cecil in class takes the lead,
And cannot be excelled for wit and speed.

Elmo and Billy in their seats love to sprawl,
They are not bad, just mischievous is all.
Fairie is rather shy. I fear,
But she is not so backward if Everett is near.
The school will miss a girl tall and fair,
For it wouldn't seem like J. H. S. without Anita there.
Now you've heard our story from early to late;
We are the dignified Seniors of '28.

Dora Hurley '28.



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Vivian Carlson Elizabeth Bannon Louise Renville Esther Mae Lucas Cherry Carpenter Evelyn Etchison

President Louise Renville
Vice-President Cherry Carpenter
Secretary-Treasurer Elizabeth Bannon
Class Colors Sea Foam and Clover
Motto "Follow the Gleam"



Junior Class History

The ship "High School" lay anchored in the harbor,

On the morning of September eleventh, nineteen hundred and twenty-five, seventeen boys and girls walked across the gang-plank and started on their journey. Their goal was graduation.

Mary McCabe was elected captain of this ship, Eleanor Armstrong her

assistant, and Louise Renville first mate.

One day one member of the crew, Raymond Landon, fell overboard and was drowned. They journeyed on until one rainy day the shore of the Sophomore year loomed into view and upon which we finally landed. During our sojourn in the Sophomore year two more of our crew deserted us, Joyce Watson and Forrest Gilman. Our officers this year were Juanita Downey, captain, Louise Renville, assistant, and Evelyn Etchison, first mate. One day they saw a small boat tossing about on the waves and picked up its one occupant, Virgil Skinner. He soon attached himself to the crew and was an excellent worker, but at the next coaling station he shipped aboard a larger ship called "Hoopeston." Now Louise Renville, captain, Cherry Carpenter, assistant, and Elizabeth Bannon, first mate, are the officials and Evelyn Etchison, Esther Mae Lucas, Vivian Carlson, are the remaining members of the crew. Let us hope that the remaining members of this crew remain intact until they reach their final destination safely.

Evelyn Etchison, '29.

The State of the Mind

If you think you're beaten you are.

If you think you dare not, you don't.

If you'd like to win, but think you can't,

It's almost a cinch you won't.

If you think you'll fail, you've lost,

For out in the world you find

Success begins with a fellow's will,

It's all in the state of the mind.

Full many a race is lost,
Ere ever a step is run;
And many a coward fails
Ere ever his work's begun.
Think big; and your deeds will grow,
Think small, and you'll fall behind,
Think that you can, and you will,
It's all in the state of the mind.
Leota Booth, '28.



Judyville Juniors

In the fall of twenty-five,
Freshmen numbering ten plus five,
Stood at the door of Judyville School,
Wondering what would be the rule.
Somehow we got through that year,
With lots of worry and lots of fear.
But vacation came at last,
Everyone happy because they passed.

Vacation quickly passed away;
With lots of fun and lots of play.
Again we assembled at the school room doors,
Only twelve happy Sophomores.
That year we tried awfully hard to learn;
Our credit in Geometry we sure did earn.
But even that year soon passed away,
And again we parted; each going his way.

The summer months passed all too soon,
Again we are back in the old school room.
Just six girls in the Junior class,
Hoping that in the Spring we all might pass.
So that the next year we'll be Seniors grand;
Among the best in all the land.
Now I guess I'll quit and go on home,
For I've tried my best to write a poem.

Esther Mae Lucas, '29.

I'd rather be a "could be,"

If I couldn't be an "are."

For a "could be" is a "may-be,"

With a chance of reaching par.

I'd rather be a "has been"

Than a "might-have-been" by far,

For a "might-have-been" has never been

While a "has-been" was an "are."



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Back row—C. Penick, C. Miller, F. Ford, J. Carpenter, M. Whitten, H. Pycke.

Front row—II. Hartz, S. Crow, F. Bromwell, F. Kiger, R. Tyler, S. White.

| President | Sylvia Crow |
|---------------------|-------------------------|
| Vice-President | Francis Bromwell |
| Secretary-Treasurer | Sarah White |
| Class Colors | Pink and Silver |
| MottoNot | ending, just beginning" |



Sophomore Class History

One clear September morning, 1920, twenty-four green Freshmen entered Judyville High School. They were green looking, but not a bright green color. There were tall ones, small and fat ones. Yellow headed, black and only one red headed one.

Eight of these were from Jordan and sixteen from Liberty.

Some of these were dumb, others a wee bit dumber, some of these were smart, but none so dumb but what they made their grades.

We increased our brain power rapidly. We had several parties which were enjoyed by all. But some of the students soon decided they had enough education and left us for a better, or worse, place.

School closed at the last of April, because our brains needed refreshing. We had four months vacation, which were spent in chasing butterflies and digging fish-worms.

Again in September we took our seats in the old assembly room, but our number had now decreased to fourteen. We were rapidly learning the rudiments of Geometry when two of our number decided that they had enough of education.

They say that the first thousand miles are the roughest and here's hoping we will have smooth Junior and Senior years.

John Carpenter, '30.

Little drops of learning, Little grains of spunk; Help the lucky Sophomore, To pass without a flunk.

And what if your luck has departed,
And the world appears dismal and blue;
Will you quit the career you have started?
Will you cry and whimper, "I'm through."

Or will you defy opposition.

Will you make up your mind that you'll win;
That you'll fight to attain your ambition,
And refuse to succumb to chagrin;

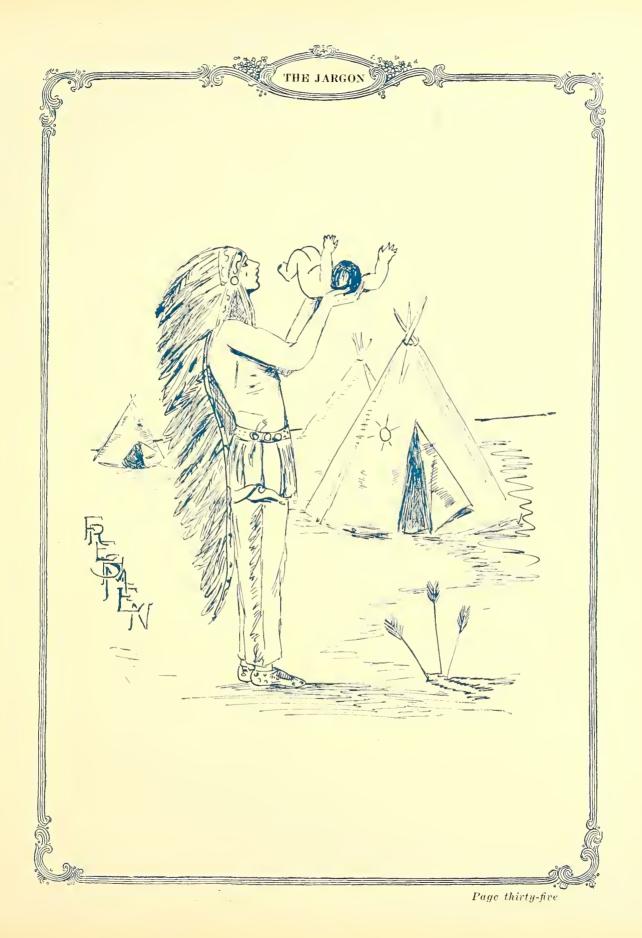
So cease this morose meditation;
Keep a stiff upper lip through it all;
For the most famous men of the nation,
Are the ones who have tasted life's gall.



Sophomores

At Judyville High We're the class of Thirty. With good looking boys And girls quite flirty. First comes Floyd, The Sheik of the class, He always has a smile For each and every lass. Then Sarah with her bright red hair; Now boys, to flirt with her you mustn't dare, But she's very good, just the same, Whenever you mention Cecil's name. Next comes Ruth, With her lessons so good, Why we can't have ours Is never understood. Now Cecil and Harry Are cripples, you know, But that doesn't keep them out of mischief, you know. Altho' Helen is a timid lass And seldom sees the boys, She usually comes prepared to class, And makes the least of noise. Now everyone knows Johnny, The lad so straight and tall. He's so in love with Elizabeth Bush He seldom studies at all. Morris is a mischievous lad, Bubbling over with mirth is he, And he isn't the least bit sad When he fails in Geometry. Now next in order comes Sylvia, Who is so very smart, But we are all afraid that Howard has won her heart. Fern and Carlton are very good, And seldom talk out loud; They have their lessons very good, Of which they seem so proud. Now I've told you my story of this class, And I'm sure that in the future None e'er will surpass.

Francis Bromwell, '30.





Back row—E. Shore, P. Carpenter, R. Beaver, G. Renville, D. Abel. A. Greenwood, G. Armstrong, M. Johnson, C. Armstrong, L. White.

Front row—D. Cameron, D. Wallace, I. Keith, R. Bainbridge, E. Heck, D. Bannon, C. Shoaf.

President Desmond Abel
Vice-President Rosalie Bainbridge
Secretary-Treasurer Imogene Keith
Class Colors Blue and Gold
Motto "Climb tho' the rocks be rugged!"



Freshmen Class Poem

The best of all the classes Is the class of thirty-one We've got three more years of school, And our fun has just begun. First of all the class I'll mention, Is Pete, who lives in Pence; But since he came to Judyville, He's acquired some common sense. Daisy and Christina Shoaf, Two girls that are quite meek, My envy for their skill to paint At times just makes me shriek. Another girl who belongs to us And makes our class worth while, Her name is Rosalie Bainbridge, Known for her curly hair and smile. Now there are Catherine and Archie, They both are very wise. When we have tests in Algebra, They always take the prize. Something else I want to tell vou, Earl Shore would be a better boy. If he would be more active, And not quite so cov. Imogene is a little girl, But she is very bright: And if you tell her that she's small, It rouses her to fight. I just thought of Robert Beaver, I know he is a pest, But compare him with some others, Then 1'd always choose him best. Next is a girl, Miss Lena White, We'd miss her from our school She's rather bashful, but don't tease her, For she is nobody's fool.



Marguerite comes from a little town:
We used to worry, lest
She get homesick; now we don't fear.
For she likes Judyville best.
The last two boys of our class,
We call them Des and Gene;
They're always into mischief, as it is later seen.
There's Dorthy, Georgia and Ella Mae,
Three girls I know quite well;
If you don't act quite right in class
Trust them, they'll never tell.
Last of all comes me, I guess,
I have to stop and sigh,
For some don't think I'm quiet.
And I've often wondered why.

Dortha Cameron, '31.

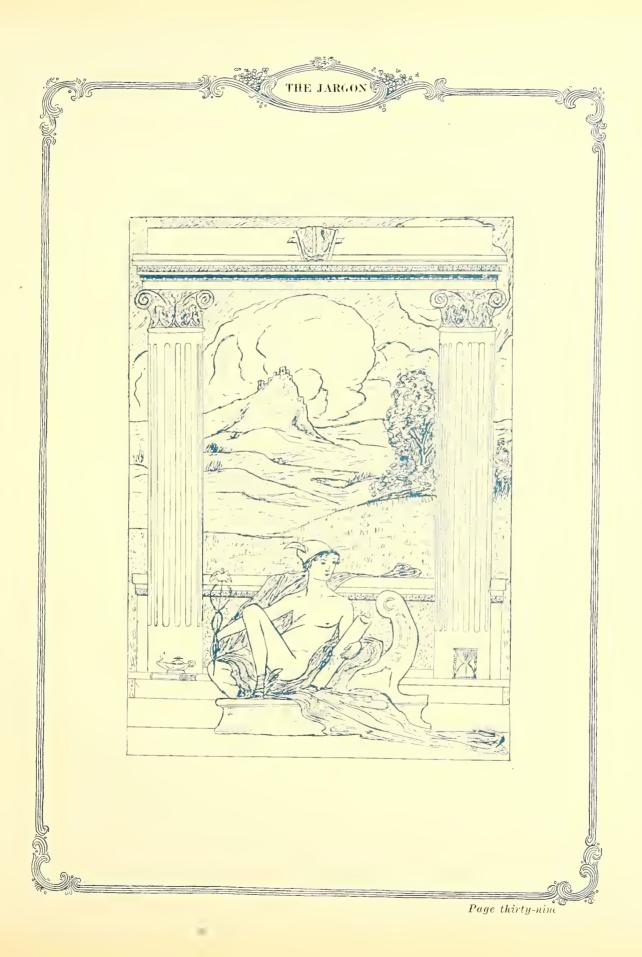
LIFE'S TIDE

At birth the tide of Life comes in, To touch the merry shore, To set adventurous ships afloat, That floated ne'er before.

In youth the tide still further comes,
In racing, foam-capped whirls,
And dances on the sunny shore,
And through the sand it curls.

In manhood then begins the ebb, When things become a task, And pours solutions to the toil Out of the silvery flask.

Then comes the time when the ebb is done,
The water is put to rout,
And screaming runs through shining sands,
For, at Death, Life's tide goes out.







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Jargon Staff

Front row—Leota Booth, Anita Crow, Billy Davis, Elmo M. Francis Rachel Zenor, Mrs. Shand.

Back row—Desmond Abel, Frances Bromwell, Fairie Creamer, Sylvia Crow, Vivian Carlson, Sarah White, Louise Renville, Evelyn Etchison, Everett Lappin and Cecil Abel.

Positions

| Leota Booth | Assistant Manager |
|-------------------------------|--|
| Anita Crow | Advertising Manager |
| Billy Davis | Business Manager |
| Elmo M Francis | Editor-in-Chief |
| Rachel Zenor | Treasurer |
| Mrs. Shand | Faculty Advisor |
| Desmond Abel | Joke Editor |
| Frances Bromwell | Snapshot Editor |
| | |
| Fairie Creamer | \dvertising Assistant |
| Fairie Creamer | |
| | Circulation Manager |
| Sylvia Crow | Circulation Manager |
| Sylvia Crow Vivian Carlson | Circulation ManagerCalendar EditorLiterary Editor |
| Sylvia Crow | Circulation ManagerCalendar EditorLiterary EditorSociety Editor |
| Sylvia Crow | Circulation ManagerCalendar EditorLiterary EditorSociety EditorSecretary |

Dora Hurley was elected business manager after Billy Davis resigned and went to preparatory school. She was a very efficient manager and did her work quite well.



Annual Staff Poem

My mind is now drifting back to the Class of '28,
And the day we elected our Staff, among our classmates;
In memory of the pleasant days, that have all gone by:
It is surely sad, though I don't cry.

First is our editor, who is Elmo Francis,

He is at the head and takes no chances;
Each week or two he calls an Annual meeting,

To jar each member's memory to do their bidding.

Next is the art editor, who is Cecil,

He is a wonderful artist and works like a beetle;
He makes all the designs, with the aid of Mrs. Shand,
And when he gets through they sure do look grand.

There's Dora, who manages our business very good,
And works out difficult problems as all managers should,
To make and complete our Annual, there is a charge,
But she manages it in a way that the bills are not large.

And there's Everett Lappin, the sports editor of the Staff,
His business is to get all the sport news of the past,
This surely is easy for he likes the news,
But if I had it to do, I would soon have the blues.

Anita is the advertising manager of the Staff,

To get advertisements, she finds quite a task:
But nevertheless she gets the ads.

By going here and there with her Dad.

Rachel Zenor fills the office of treasurer, With all the newest methods of figuring; Which she learned in Commercial Arithmetic class. First by thinking and then by digging.

We elected Desmond for our jokes to edit
And the way he's worked I think he's a credit.
Our literary editor is Sarah White,
Who makes it her biz to see all poems are right.



Louise Renville is our society girl,
Who hurries around and makes things whirl.
Next comes our snapshot editor, Frances Bromwell,
Who takes all the pictures, which look very well.

Our calendar editor is Vivian,
Who keeps tab on all the happiness from beginning to end.
And for circulation manager we chose Sylvia Crow,
Who does her bit to make things go.

Last of all but not the least of our class,
Is Fairie Creamer, the neatest on the staff.
She is the associate in getting the ads,
And oh, when the cards roll in, how much are we glad.

There is one more office on our staff,
And I hold that myself.
But now I am not a poet, you see,
But still I am as busy as busy can be.

Legta Booth, '28.

Billy Valley was our business manager the first half year, but as he decided to enter the preparatory school at Annapolis, Dora Hurley was elected to take his place. Billy was a very efficient and able manager.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO HAVE

School called at ten o'clock.

Busses to take us to Commercial class.

Elevators.

Someone to translate our Latin.

No exams.

Seven study periods.

No home work.

Padded chairs.

Our ten dollars that we earn every day at school.

Free lunches between classes.

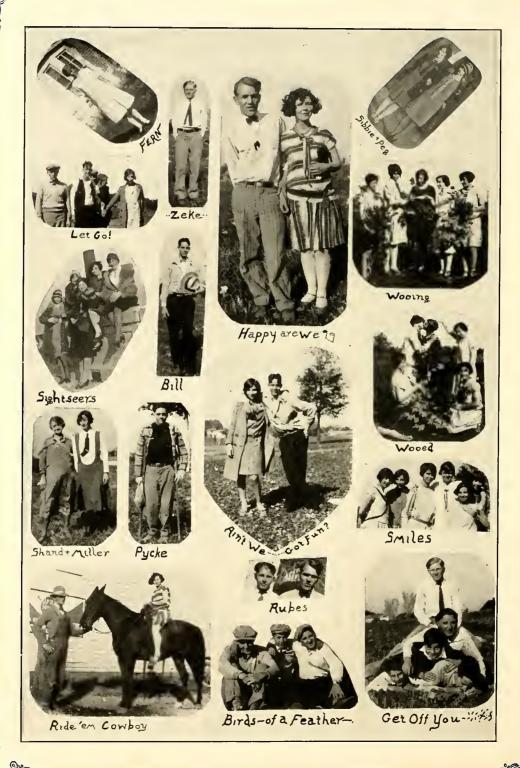
More high school fun.

Shorter term.

No Faculty.

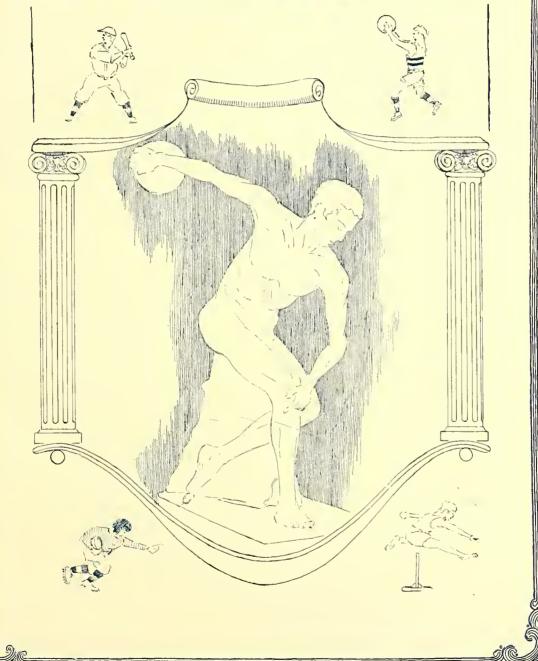
No rhetoricals.





THE JARGON

ATTIETO



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Athletics

Judyville High School being handicapped by not having a gymnasium does not have any sports but baseball. The patrons have not yet become aware of the necessity of a gymnasium, but we are hoping that in the near future one will be built.

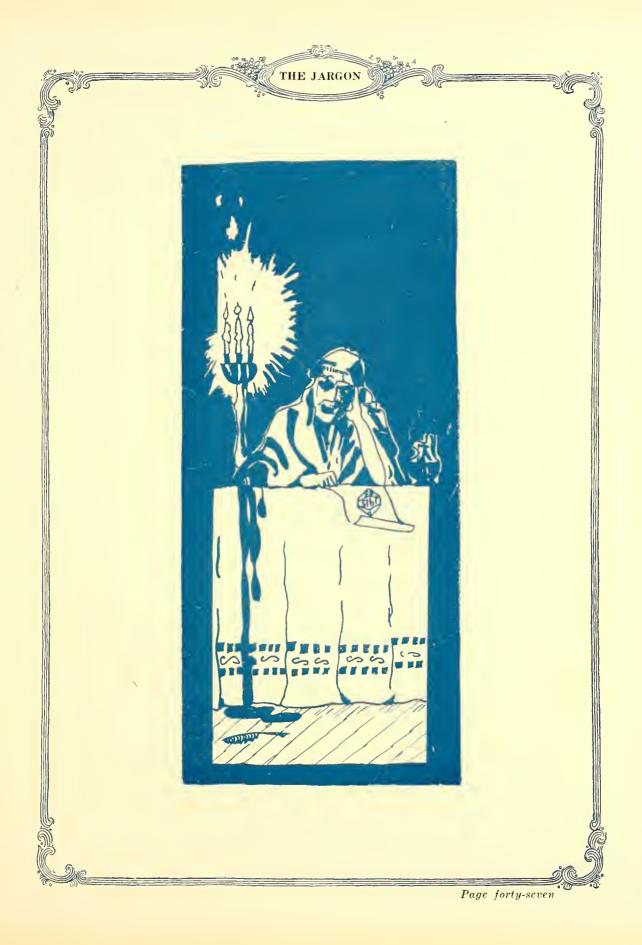
September 27 was Judyville's first game of baseball. We played Williamsport High School on the home field.

The game was called at four e'clock. Judyville had the edge on Williamsport, 3 to 1, at four and one-half innings but it began to rain and the game was called. At that time it looked as if Judyville was going to win, not an error had been made by our team and they were hitting the ball fast and often. A very large crowd supported the team, but went home disappointed on account of the rain.

On October 4 the team journeyed to Wiliamsport for the second and last game of the year. The game was very exciting until the last of the seventh, when a few errors were made, and very soon Williamsport had crossed the plate five times, which resulted in a 10 to 5 score.

Line-up

| Catcher | Gene Renville |
|--------------|----------------|
| Pitcher | Elmo Francis |
| First Base | Billy Davis |
| Second Base | Everett Lappin |
| Third Base | Desmond Abel |
| Short Stop | Cecil Abel |
| Right Field | Floyd Ford |
| Center Field | Carlton Penick |
| Left Field | Howard Horn |
| Utility | Dean Stewart |





Farewell to Class of '28

Often in the evening,
I sit and think and sigh,
Of the day that is to come,
When we will say good-bye.

I think of good times we have had, Of smiles and laughs and tears; I hope that each remembers, The joys of these short years.

A time will come when eyes grow dim, And thoughts will often stray Back o'er the road of youth's highways To that sad parting day.

The time is near to say farewell,

To you who graduate;
Tho' our hearts are sad, we're very proud

Of the Class of '28.

Dortha Cameron, '31.

Use Your Head

Wake up, young man, and use your head,
Asleep, you might as well be dead.
At school you learn of this and that,
But what counts most is 'neath your hat.
Your teachers tell you what is true.
But you must think it through and through.
In books you learn what wise men know,
But you must see just why it's so.
No other one can think for you,
Nor yet for you can be or do.
It's fine for you to know the truth,
But you must strive to be the truth.



Meditations

Alas! the time will soon be here,
The saddest of the year;
That High School days will soon be done,
And the trials of life will have just begun.

We will be emitted from this school of ours,
With the greatest and best of earthly powers;
"To succeed," is the motto of most graduates.
But it may be failure: God rules the fates.

Life is as fickle as a woman's love,
The top of the ladder is always above,
To gain success is to labor and wait;
Opportunity knocks at the outer gate,
But if your portals are closed to him,
He will come and knock at your entrance again.

Elmo M. Francis, '28.

A Senior's Meditations

When Elmo told me to write a poem, I almost wished I were in Rome. For I have never made up a line; But then everyone must learn in time. You know this is the year of '28, When we hope to reach Commencement's gate: For we have worked for four long years, But I know no one will shed any tears, Here in J. H. S. we've spent many a day, But now at last we're going to stray, Some to far and foreign lands, While some will idle on nearby sands. Whatever we do and what we plan, I think we'll do the best we can. We've had happiness and also joy, And I wish we were still girls and boys. But now we men and women be-To strive and work till eternity: And when we reach the Golden Gate, Here's hoping we'll not have to stand and wait. Fairie Creamer, '28.



Ode to History

There are no poets in our house,
No writers of song nor of verse;
But for English class I must have a poem.
No doubt it will be very terse.

The poets have been writing for ages
Of wind and sun and of snow.
As I sit and dream o'er their pages,
I find out how little I know.

Think of rhymes about men like Horatius, Who stood against hordes of the foe; And little Miss Muffet, good gracious, What a spider to have frightened her so.

Then there is the story of Miles Standish, Left talking to a friend, like a jay; Johnny boy double-crossed him out-landish; There are no Priscillas today.

Whitcomb Riley, our own Hoosier poet, Whose "Old Swimming Hole" you've read; And another, you all know it, Of the boy the Goblins took from his bed.

A Bard with his reed and his lyre, Entertained kings with a song, But I'm afraid I'll rouse Professor Brewer's ire, If I make this poem too long.

Now, believe me, I'm not a poetess.

My verse and rhyme are too slow.

I'd far rather hop in a flivver,

And herd it down town to a show.

Sylvia N. Crow, '30.



A Junior's Meditations

We're not getting richer in the sense of minted gold;

But our minds are getting richer with the knowledge that they hold.

For the joy of learning deepens with the passing of the years;

So we'll wait till we are older before we start shedding tears.

Oh, we'll have our share of trouble, we shall sip life's bitter cup.

But we'll be filled with knowledge, for we are growing up.

We're not done with youthful pleasures but we turn to other things;

There is something to be watched for and there's something just ahead—

And we would rather seek for it than to think of being led.

There are new things we have learned and different things we like to do,

And we find a thrill in living in a world that's ever new.

Evelyn Etchison, '29.

Geometry

I think that I shall never see A thing as hateful as Geometry.

With chords and arcs all day I wrangle, Until at night I'm in a tangle.

Angles bisected, chords inscribed, 'Til my ruler and compass are sorely tried.

Finding the values of X or B, Is all we do in Geometry.

Upon whose head a curse is lain, By students, often and again.

But I'm not the first nor last to be, A nervous wreck over Geometry.



Our Janitor

Have patience, friend, and read these lines clear through,

And in them I will try to introduce to you

One of the best old scouts who ever struck the place;

Come up some time and meet him face to face.

His job may be called humble, by many, 'tis true;

Nevertheless he is a friend to me and to you.

He fills a post that ealls for vigilance and work,

And from his duties none ever knew him to shirk.

The tasks he must do are not always pleasant, we know—

The fire takes lots of attention when wintry blasts blow;

The thaws and rains result in mud on careless feet,

But each morning finds floors spotless and everything neat.

What with watching the clock and ringing the bell,

And other chores so numerous I never could tell:

There is no time for loafing for this busy gent,

And from early morn 'til twilight his time is well spent.

Now don't try to guess who this paragon is-

If you do we may tell you 'tis none of your biz.

His namesake was "Daniel of Lions' Den Fame"-

And Mr. Armstrong we call him, for that is his name.

So here's to our janitor ever alert

With his dust rag going after the dirt.

If it wasn't for him and his pleasant smile,

Our school days at Judyville would be hardly worth while.

So speak to him kindly and give him your hand-

No better school, no better janitor, throughout the broad land.

Sylvia N. Crow, '30.



Appreciation of Hugo

One day at noon, being in a melancholy state of mind, I wandered into the library to seek consolation. Having searched through the many dust covered volumes. I found one with the name Victor Hugo inscribed on the surface. Not that the name was familiar but because it appealed to me I opened and was soon scanning the pages.

It was first read for lack of a better, but each leaf bore new treasures, and my interest kindled. Aware of being led into an ancient, crumbling structure, I began to gaze in astonishment at the antiquities, which to me were a novelty. From room to room he led me, pointing out this and praising that. At last fear fled and my keen scrutiny mingled with his in a concentrated study. Up racky stairs, through eerie rooms we traveled, until my bodily energy was so completely absorbed in wonder that I was forced to hold on for support.

All this while he chanted words which came like music so charming and wonderful as to place me in an intoxicating state of admiration.

Seeing that the impression was made he suddenly opened a massive iron door and emerged into the street. Although I accompanied him my thoughts and soul still roamed through the interior of the old Gothic structure. He teased and joked as we continued, 'til my mind was again my own. When an ebb in the tide of scurrying pedestrians was reached, I was introduced to men ideal and exceptional in moral and mental abilities. Soon again my strength seeped in admiring these new wonders as I stumbled along.

Then without the least warning the pages instantly ceased and 1 dug fiercely at the back for more of the story. When finally 1 had mastered my infirmity, 1 rose and looked around. Day was waning and already lights were flickering in distant windows. The afternoon was spent, but it had purchased a usurper of leisure hours. One who could with the stroke of a pen, transform us into a lifelike character of his own makeup; while serving fine arts in so tasty a plate as to win both faith and confidence in the field of good literature.

Cecil Abel, '28.



Lincoln Essay Contest

Elmo M. Francis won the medal for the best essay on Abraham Lincoln. The prize was given by the Illinois Watch Company.

Abraham Lincoln, one of the greatest statesmen and presidents the world has ever known, was born February 12, 1809. His father, Thomas Lincoln, married Nancy Hanks in the year 1806. Lincoln's early life was made up of privations and hardships. The little log cabin in which Lincoln was born was as lowly as the manger in which Christ was born.

One of the greatest things concerning Lincoln was his appreciation of his mother. This fact became evident when we read his last words: "All that I am or ever hope to be I owe to my angel mother." His mother died when he was nine years of age, and her dying request to him was: "Be something, Abe." Always in his career did he live up to his mother's last request.

No doubt the hardships of poverty and lonely pioneer life developed his wonderful strength of character. He said in reference to his early life: "It can all be condensed in a single sentence that you will find in Grey's Elegy, 'The short and simple annals of the poor'."

The many worth while things that Lincoln accomplished, and his ability as a leader, were due largely to the library that he possessed when he was young. It consisted of three columes which were: "the Bible," "Aesop's Fables," and "Pilgrim's Progress." Day after day he read them and pondered the complexities which they contained, until they were fixed firmly in his mind. Better could not be found in all the universities of Europe, and we begin to understand where he got his moral vision, and his shrewd humor.

Lincoln grew into manhood morally clean. He had no bad habits to overcome, was free from vice and crime, and used no liquor which in that day was used so universally. He had a genius for making friends, and without a thought of the great responsibilities that awaited him, he had fitted himself well by his faithfulness in such duties as fell to him.

He was admitted to the bar in the middle part of the nineteenth century, and practiced law for a while. Here, as elsewhere, his absolute honesty held sway. He never hesitated to protest against injustice, and he believed that "The Golden Rule," which he so thoroughly learned from the book of his early library, could be used in law and politics.

He was very kind to the poor and unfortunate. Anyone who favored the slaves, even in the free state of Illinois, was sure to alienate friends; but Lincoln was one of the few who never hesitated at the sacrifice. He said, "I know there is a God and that he hates injustice and slavery. I see the storm coming and I know His hand is in it. If he has a place and work for me, I am ready. I have told them 'a house divided against itself cannot stand,' and Christ and reason say the same."

After the election of 1860, the pioneer railsplitter was at the head of the United States government. The southerners were constantly trying to make war on the government. Lincoln had said in his inaugural address that he would not be the aggressor, and he held steadiastly to this promise. He said



to them: "You have no oath registered in Heaven to destroy the government, while I have the most solemn one to preserve, protect, and defend it." He wished to destroy slavery, but not in a manner that would violate the Constitution.

In spite of the fact that Lincoln and Douglas had indulged in some very spirited debates about slavery, at the close of the inaugural address, Douglas warmly grasped the president's hand and pledged his support to the Constitution.

The war was one continuous horror to the tender-hearted man, who was so deeply affected by death. On February 20, 1861, death entered his home, taking his little son, Willie. This affected him much, as had the death of his former sweetheart, Ann Rutledge. All of this added to his concern for the welfare of his country, made him indeed a man of sorrows.

President Lincoln always lived up to the name of "Honest Abe," which he had earned in his early life. To a man of his tender and honest nature slavery was abhorrent. He had made a vow in 1831, when he was twenty-two years of age, that if he ever had the opportunity to hit that thing, he would hit it hard. The time for the master stroke at this hated institution had now arrived and Lincoln issued the Emancipation Proclamation in 1863, which was to make the black man free forever.

The weary years of the war dragged on, with all its horrors and discouragements, and Lincoln was re-elected to the presidency. Richmond was at last evacuated, and Lee surrendered on April 9, 1865, thus ending the war.

Lincoln's entrance into Richmond, thirty-six hours after Davis had fled, having set fire to the city, was unattended by martial music or applauding multitudes; but there was one very touching spectacle. It was the large number of negroes kneeling, praying and shouting, "Bress de Lawd." He was their emancipator, who had delivered them from their awful bondage.

The burdens and sorrows of bloodshed had made an old man of him, and the appearance of his countenance was very sad.

The war was over, with the union saved and slavery doomed. Lincoln now turned his mind to the period of reconstruction. He had told Grant to let Jefferson Davis escape, all unbeknown to himself, that he would take no part in the killing of the Confederates, even the worst of his enemies.

The unselfish life of this man of the common people was brought to a close by an assassin's bullet, April 15, 1864, while he was at the Ford theater, James Wilkes Booth, the murderer, was finally caught in a barn and shot down.

The nation's loss of this great president can not be estimated. This man, who never willingly planted a thorn in anyone's path, and who could say, at a time when many had been disloyal to him, "With malice toward none and charity for all." His worst enemies never accused him of being selfish in politics, or working to further his own ends. His tender heart always responded to any appeal for mercy, and he always granted to the one asking, if he could possibly find any excuse whatever. This annoyed some of the generals, who feared military discipline would be destroyed. On the other hand, his great determination in the cause of justice is shown, when a slave trader had been condemned and imprisoned for five years. He was fined



one thousand dollars, which he was unable to pay. Some friends asked Lincoln to pardon the man. He said, "I am, if possible to be, too easily moved by appeals of mercy; and I must say if this man had been guilty of the foulest murder, I might forgive him of such an appeal. But the man who could go to Africa and rob her of her children, for no other motive than that which is furnished by dollars and cents, is so much worse than the most depraved murderer that he can never receive pardon at my hands."

It was Lincoln who nationalized the Thanksgiving festival, wherein a whole nation turns from daily toil, to thank the Giver of every good and perfect gift. No doubt it was his continually asking God to help him that enabled him to carry the nation through its great crisis, and it can be said of him, "Though he is dead yet he speaketh."

His body rests at Springfield, Illinois. Here was his home which he left to assume the leadership of the government. On leaving Springfield for Washington, he bade his friends farewell and publicly asked the assistance of the Divine Being, without which he would not succeed, and with which he could not fail.

There is a wonderful monument erected in memory of him at Springfield, the funds being mostly subscribed by the common people, and eight thousand dollars by the negro troops. Lincoln's memory has been made immortal because he never lost the common touch, and because of the great service he rendered to the cause of justice to humanity.

Elmo M. Francis, '28,







Society

On Tuesday evening, September 13, 1927, the Seniors gave a weiner roast at Harrison Trail. The evening was spent in eating, and playing games. Everyone left at a late hour vowing that they could not have had a better time.

Tuesday night, September 20, was the scene of a Freshie weiner roast at Harrison Trail. After "Dates" were assembled the crowd arrived and the Freshies certainly know how to feed us on marshmallows. All departed after the fire ceased to burn. The Freshies were excellent entertainers.

SOMETHING DIFFERENT

Friday night, September 30, the Juniors and Sophomores planned on giving a hamburger fry at Harrison Trail, but on account of rain they decided to give it in the school house. After the storm a small crowd came and the evening was spent the best possible. Juniors and Sophomores hope for better luck next time.

HALLOWE'EN MASQUERADE

Friday night, October 28, a masquerade box supper was given here in the high school auditorium. A very large crowd attended. Many students and quite a few people were masked. The boxes were sold and the proceeds went to the Annual.

The Juniors sold candy, popcorn, sandwiches, doughnuts and coffee.

FAREWELL PARTY

Thursday night, January 12, 1928, Billy Davis gave a party at his home. Billy left on Friday evening for Annapolis, Maryland, to preparatory school.

BIRTHDAY PARTY

On January 20, Evelyn Etchison entertained a number of her friends at a birthday party. The evening was enjoyably spent in playing cards, dancing, singing, and much conversation.

About ten o'clock Evelyn lit the candles on her wonderful cake and the delicious refreshments were served. Ask Vivian and Louise if they don't like fruit salad.

All left at a late hour, wishing Evelyn many more happy birthdays.

- 20—Several visitors today.
- 21—Girls made doughnuts today. Everyone liked them.
- 24-Preparations for box supper tonight and masque.
- 25-Some snapshots taken for annual.
- 26—Our jelly burned last night, but can't be helped.
- 27—Sophs go on hike. Junior girls go to gather leaves for decorations.
- · 28—Juniors making candy, etc., for box supper tonight.
- 31—Everyone getting down to work after box supper.

NOVEMBER



- 1—"Housekeeping is a trying job," says Fairie.
- 2—The girls made meat croquettes and passed them around, too!!!
- 3—Ragtime music is getting monotonous.
- 4—Pumpkin pies did not get quite done. Stove was contrary again.
- 7—The little mice enjoy History class.
- 8—Who likes apple pie. Billie and Everett do.
- 9—Girls practice for play at Mrs. Lee's during last two periods.
- 10-Louise and Elizabeth kiss no one if it is their birthday.
- 11-No school today on account of Armistice day.
- 14-Elizabeth absent. Too much excitement maybe.
- 15—Howard came back to school today for a visit. Annual staff meeting.
- 18—Annual staff and Freshies going to Attica to have pictures taken.
- 21—Nothing of any importance happened. Everyone at work.
- 22—D. S. girls giving a dinner for the teachers.
- 23—Good bye. Don't eat too much turkey.
- 28—Clara Graham of Evanston, Illinois, visiting today.
- 29—Report cards for second six weeks given out.
- 30-The last day of November, Xmas is coming. So's Santa.

THE PERSON

DECEMBER

- 1—Snowing today for the first time.
- 2—Current events test today. Everyone scared.
- 5—The Art class making some lovely pictures quite artistic.
- 6—Annual staff meeting and everyone gets busy.
- 7—Rained all day. Let's hope it will quit after awhile.
- 8-Almost too cold here to study.
- 9—Ice cream and it was sure good.
- 12—Sylvia had a new ring. Now I wonder!
- 13-Everett and Robert almost got in bad for getting into the girls' candy.
- 14—Juniors and Seniors went to Attica to break the camera.
- 15—Sylvia, Louise and Evelyn all feeling sick today. Maybe their lessons were hard.



16-Exams today in D. S. Oh! Ma! Thunderation!

19-The Home Economics class got a dinner for the teachers today.

20—Exemptions received. Is everyone happy?

21—Exams today.

22—Exams today.

23—Good-bye and Merry Xmas, and a Happy New Year to all.



JANUARY

9—Well, the boiler froze up and we had another week's vacation. Awfully cold today.

10—Going to have some news in the Bingy paper but I guess it was a flunk.

11—Nice day for snapshots. Mrs. Shand is cleaning house.

12—The girls started sewing today.

13—Rev. Offutt lectured to us this morning.

16—Fairie isn't selfish, she's just teasing. That's all.

17-"Even if that was good I wouldn't like it."

18—Juniors had History in Library. Too cold in Math, room.

19—State inspector here today!!!

20—Annual staff meeting today.

23—Sophomore class meeting.

24—Freshman class meeting.

25—Everything going backwards for some reason.

26-Sophs want to have their pictures taken again.

27—Esther absent.

30—Several absent today.

31—Miss Bever absent today. J. H. S. student taking her place.



FEBRUARY

1—Several more absent.

2—The groundhog saw his shadow. Too bad.

3—Freshman party at Renville's tonight.

6—Junior play practice.

7-New boy entered the Freshman class today.

8—Juniors postponed their play on account of bad roads.

9-Jordan hack didn't come today.

10-We had a radio installed and listened to the Music Memory contest.

13-One of the hacks broke down. A wheel came off.

14—Party tonight at Sylvia's.

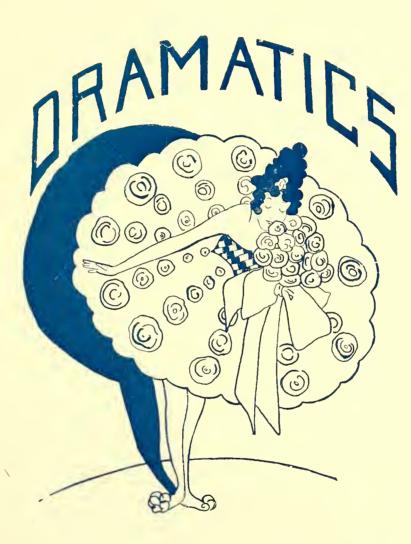
15—Everyone sleepy, tired and cold.

17--Tonight is the first night of our play.

17—Had good luck and everyone's happy.

20-Working hard again and it won't be long until school will be out.

THE JARGON



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Dramatics

"Mammy's Lil' Wild Rose," a three-act comedy, was given by the Junior class on the nights of February 16 and 17, at the Judyville H. S. auditorium. There was a large crowd both nights.

The cast was as follows:

| Daniel French | Gene Renville |
|-----------------|------------------|
| Lester Van | Robert Beaver |
| Rose O'May | Evelyn Etchison |
| Mammy Celie | Louise Renville |
| Uncle Joe | Sylvia Crow |
| Peggy French | Elizabeth Bannon |
| Letty Van | |
| Hester O'May | |
| Orpheus Jackson | |
| Babe Joan | |
| Mrs. Courtyane | Mrs. Shand |
| Wade Carver | Earl Shore |

The cast was assisted by three Freshmen and two Sophomores.

On Thursday and Friday nights, March 29 and 30, the Annual Staff gave the play, "The Early Bird," a three-act comedy, which was attended by large crowds and enjoyed by all.

Since Judyville is not a very large town it is not possible for the Annual Staff to give a play in order to obtain the necessary amount of money to publish the Jargon. This play was given by both the Seniors and the Annual Staff.

Characters:

| Cvrus B. Kilbuck | John Carpenter |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| Tony Kilbuck | |
| Barnaby Bird | |
| Bruce Ferguson. | . Frances Bromwell |
| Artie, office boy | |
| Perry Allen | |
| Jessamine Lee | |
| Mrs. Van Dyne | |
| Imogene McCarty | |
| Mrs. Beavers | |
| Rosa Bella Beavers | Fairie Creamer |
| Mrs. Perry Allen | Louise Renville |
| Dilly | |
| Property manager | |



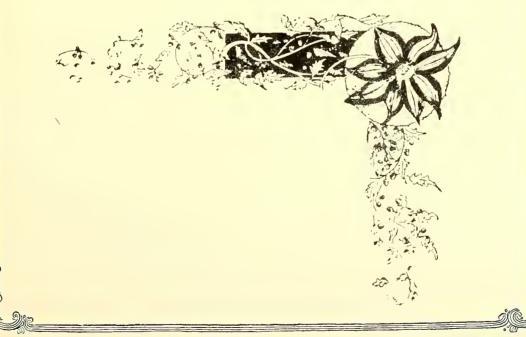
Real Happiness

"To be truly happy is a question of how we begin and not how we end; of what we want and not of what we have"; yes, the poet has learned the secret from experience, secrets of a happy life. He has learned that real happiness depended upon working toward a goal which he had established for himself.

And so it is with you, my dear friend. The happiness of your life will depend largely upon the life work you choose, and upon the manner in which you develop and perfect that work. Choose a labor which you will enjoy, for if you are not happy in the pursuit of your several aims, life has forever lost her charm for you. Learn to love your work, for work is a virtue and not a thing to be despised. Pleasure comes from toil and not by self-indulgence and indolence. It is through work that we bring out and perfect our nature. Still if we do not do work with our hands we must undergo equivalent toil in some other direction. No business or study, which does not present ideas trying the intellect and will, is worthy of man. Doing your best in any profession will develop in you a hundred virtues which can not be imagined.

So to every member of the Senior class my sincere wish is that you may walk out into the world bravely, with a full realization of all that will be expected of you, but just as full of realization of your ability to meet every requirement. You have in your souls the full value of every gift you could possibly crave, and of life's great store-house.

Leah Miller.





Life

"Life is a volume from youth to old age, Each year is a chapter, each day is a page."

What is Life? A question often repeated by the masses from old age. Many think, "Life is as we take it," but I must agree with the person who said, "Life is what we make it."

Yes, we must with many adversities, mold our own destinies. Life is one large novel, plot, setting, characters, climax and all—far beyond in the future is the climax, could we but see and raise the curtain and determine what is in store for us. Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies, deeply buried from human eyes. Your last four and very important chapters are almost finished, and you are standing on the threshold of a new life. The door will soon be opened to you. The word you see written in glittering letters is P-U-S-H.

What course you are just finishing matters very little if it has been pursued in the proper spirit that is to make you better thinkers, broaderminded and more able to meet life's problems.

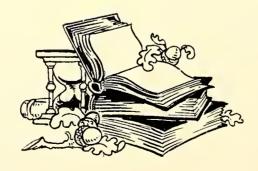
Plato said, "You are to be the future rulers of this country,

You will need in order to rule—Will—the power of independent thought.

Your high school course, your future college career and the university of Life has for its subject, "The secrets of Life," and the purpose of all your study is that you may be filled with the love of God and your fellow man.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what we are and do;
Then give to the world the best that you have
And the best will come back to you.

Mrs. Cora Shand.







| | 1921 | |
|---------------------------|---|--|
| Melvin Odle | Purdue graduate, farmer Working on state road | |
| Vestal McKinzie | Working on state road | |
| | 1922 | |
| | Housewife | |
| | Housewife | |
| | Farm hand | |
| Emerson Beaver | Farm hand | |
| | 1923 | |
| | Teacher at Judyville | |
| | Housewife | |
| | Living at Decatur, Illinois | |
| | Teacher at Pence | |
| | Housewife | |
| | Farm hand | |
| Raoul Smith | Clerk in grocery store | |
| | 1924 | |
| Ormand Bailey | Teaching at Judyville | |
| | Teaching at Judyville | |
| | Teaching at Judyville | |
| Katherine (Zenor) Van Tre | ss | |
| | 1925 | |
| | | |
| | Stenographer at Danville, Illinois | |
| | Teacher at the Herrick's school | |
| | | |
| | Farm hand | |
| | In OklahomaHousewife | |
| | Farm hand | |
| | Housewife | |
| Coror (Tught Haddocks | 1926 | |
| Madge Crow | Working at Y. W. C. A. at Danville, Illinois | |
| | Farm hand | |
| | Indiana University | |
| | At home | |
| | Teacher at Kramer | |
| | Farm hand | |
| | \t home | |
| 1927 | | |
| Marion Willett | | |
| | Housewife | |
| | Indiana State Normal | |
| | Working in Oil Station | |
| | At home | |
| | | |
| | | |

THE JARGON



Page seventy-three



Mrs. Shand—"What is it we have now that we didn't have a hundred years ago?"

Johnny—"Me."

+ + +

Cecil Abel—"Do you know what happens to little boys that tell lies?" Everett—"Sure, they ride for half fare."

+ + +

Miller—"Desmond, what does A. D. mean?" Desmond—"After dinner, of course."

+ + +

Billy—"I just looked over my economics." Miller—"You mean you overlooked it"

+ + +

Leota—"What would you call a man who hid behind a woman's skirt?" Fairie—"A magician."

+ + +

Guy—"I'm so tired my brains are worn out. I've been walking to class all day."

Vivian—"Sit down and rest your brains awhile."

+ + +

Everett—"What's a draft clerk?"

Miller—"I don't know, what is it?"

Everett—"The fellow that opens and shuts the doors of a bank."

+ + +

Louise—"If a cannibal eats his father and mother, what is he?" Cherry—"An orphan, of course, you foolish thing."

+ + +

Sarah—"My, I'd hate to be as little as you are."

Cecil Abel—"I'd hate to be as cross-eyed as you are. Every time you drop a penny in a chewing gum machine peanuts come out."

+ + +

A Freshie

Miller—"Who or what is Oliver Twist?" Imogene—"Why, Oliver Twist is a dance"

+ + +

Louise—"Every time I take a bath I take a cold."

Evelyn—"It doesn't affect me at all. I haven't had a cold for years."

Louise—"Well, I haven't had a cold for two years."

Mrs. Shand—Now you have in front of you the north, on your right the east, on your left the west. What have you behind?"

Billy—"A patch on my pants. I told Auntie that you could see it."

+ + +

Harry Pycke—"Did that man call you a blockhead?"

John Carpenter—"No, he only said to put my cap on quick as a wood-pecked was coming."

+ + +

Desmond's Mother—"Desmond, there were three pieces of cake in here not long ago and now there is only one."

Desmond—"Sorry, Mama, it was so dark I could not see the other one."

+ + +

Mr. Brewer—"Please use defeat, defense, and detail in a sentence." Dora—"De-feet of de rabbit went over de-fense before de-tail."

+ + +

Everett—"Cecil, why did you leave your last boarding house?"

Cecil—"Well, first place the pet calf died and we had veal all week, next week the cow died and we had beef all week. Then the next week the landlady, and I wasn't taking any chances."

+ + +

Robert—"Gee, you're dumb. Say, did you know that Jesus Christ was dead?"

Lena—"Good heavens, I didn't even know that he was sick."

* * *

Bright Senior—"Why does a hen lay an egg?"

Dumb Junior—"Aw, I don't know. Why does she?"

Bright Senior—"She knows if she drops it, she'll break it."

+ + +

Farmer—"Now come, Earl, and I will let you milk."

Earl—"Now, uncle, since I am inexperienced hadn't I better learn on a calf?"

+ + +

Mr. Brewer—"Use the word diadem in a sentence."

Harry Pycke—"Folks that go over a railroad crossing without looking di-a-dem sight quicker than the ones who look."

+ + +

A slap in the neck is worth two in the rural districts.



Everett Lappin—"This match won't light." Cecil Miller—"What's the matter with it?" Everett—"I don't know. It lit a minute ago."

Mrs. Shand—"Why do you sit there and scratch your head?" Gene—"I only know that it itches."

Miller—"Desmond why are you tardy?"
He—"Because school started before 1 got here."

Ella Mae—"Officer, can you see me safely across the street?" Officer—"Begorra, lady, I can see you a mile away."

Mr. Brewer—"Did you know that I started life a barefoot boy?" Babe—"Well, I wasn't born with shoes on, myself."

Shand—"What is a butter-beau?"
Archie—"It's the front end of a billy goat, with the horns on."

Pete—"Some fools ask questions that wise men can't answer." Robert—"Is that why you flunked in Algebra?"

"Howard," cooed Sylvia, "I want to ask you a question."

"Yes, dear," murmured Howard.

"If you had never met me, would you have loved me just the same?"

Leah—"I'd like to buy a petticoat."
Floorwalker—"Antique department on the third floor, please."

The city kid was roaming about in the country when he came upon a dozen or so empty condensed milk cans. Greatly excited he yelled to his companions—"Hey, fellows, come quick, I've found a cow's nest."

"Did you ever hear about the professor who tied his spaghetti and ate his shoe lace?"

"No, but did you ever hear of the one who poured molasses down his back and scratched his pancake?"

Mrs. Lee—"Give a definition of the word "halt."

Elizabeth—"Bring the foot on the ground alongside the foot in the air and remain motionless."

Rosalie—"But why are these trees bending over so far?"
Father—"You would bend over too, miss, if you was as full o' green apples as those trees."

Pat had been on a drunk the night before and had gone to work the next morning still drunk, and had put his trousers on backwards. With his first hod of bricks his foot slipped, and he fell with the bricks and all on top of him. An old lady came by and asked if he was hurt. Pat—"No, but I got a helluva twist."

+ + +

Sandy bought two tickets for a raffle and won a \$1.500 car. His friends rushed up to his house to congratulate him, but found him looking miserable as could be.

"Why, mon, what's the matter wi' ye?"

"It's the second ticket. Why I ever bought it I canna imagine."

+ + +

"What's the trouble?" cried Mrs. Shand, as the street car stopped suddenly.

"We just ran over a dog," explained the conductor.

"Was he on the track?"

"No, lady, we chased him up an alley."

÷ +

A teacher conducting her pupils through an art museum in front of Rodin's famous statute, "The Thinker," asked her pupils what they thought he was thinking about.

"Oh, I know," replied one little boy. "He's been swimming and car't remember where he left his clothes."

+ + +

"Lady, would you mind lending me a cake of soap?"

"Do you mean to tell me you want soap?"

Mike—"Yes'm. Me partner's got the hiccups and I want to scare him."

+ + +

"Any part of the city for 50 cents," velled the taxi driver.

"You can't string me again," retorted Elmo. "I bought the City Hall vesterday and they wouldn't give it to me."

* * *

Mr. Brewer—"What is the definition of 'anecdote'?"

Evelyn-"A short, funny tale."

He-"Give a sentence using the word."

She—"A dog ran down the street with a tin can tied to his anecdote."

T T T

"Honest, now, are these trousers of pure wool?"

"I will not deceive you. The buttons are of bone."

+ + +

He-"What a smooth gear shift you have on your car."

She-Hey, will you take your hand off my knee?"



FOUND IN THE SOFA

A Judyville family recently took the antique family sofa to the repair shop for a general overhauling. Several daughters had been reared in the family, and all had entertained company in the passing years. When the repair man had dissected the sofa he called in the family to see the collection which had come from the interior. It included: Forty-seven hairpins, three mustache combs, thirteen needles, nineteen suspender buttons, eight cigarettes, five photographs, 217 pins, some grains of coffee, a few cloves, twenty-seven vest buttons, six pocket knives, fifteen poker chips, a vial of headache tablets, thirty-four lumps of chewing gum, nine toothpicks and four button hooks.

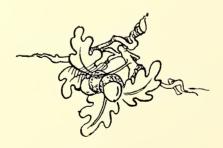
Vivian's Mother—"Vivian, where is the sponge I asked you to buy at

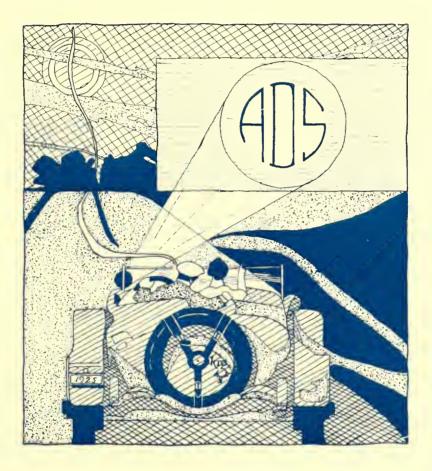
the store?"

Vivian—"I couldn't see any good ones. They all had holes in them."

Teacher—"Rosalie, how many ribs have you?"

Rosalie—"I don't know; I'm so ticklish I never counted them."





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Lena White

Freshman

Sarah White

Sophomore

Rosalie Bainbridge

Vivian Anita Crow

Senior

Sylvia N. Crow

Senior

Everett L. Lappin
Senior

Louise Renville

Elmo M. Francis
Senior

Billy V. Davis



Cecil Abel

Desmond Abel

Francis Regan

Professor of Commerce Columbus College South Dakota

Wallace Francis

Danville, Illinois

RADIO RECIPE

A June bride asked her husband to copy a radio recipe one morning. The husband got two stations at once. One was radiocasting morning exercises, and the other the menu. This is what he got:

Hands on hips. Place one cup of flour on shoulder, raise knees, depress toes, and wash thoroughly in one-half cup of milk. In four counts raise the lower legs and mash two hard boiled eggs in a sieve. Repeat six times. Inhale one-half spoon of baking powder and one cup of flour; breathe naturally and exhale and sift.

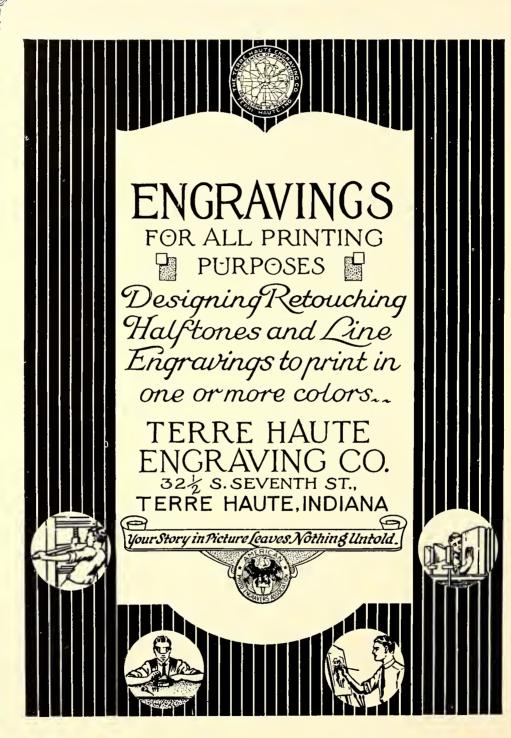
Attention! Jump to a squatting position. Stretch lemon extract backwards, overhead, and in four counts make a stiff dough that will bend at the waist. Lie flat on the floor and roll into a ball the size of a walnut. Hop to a stand in boiling water, but do not boil in a gallop. In ten minutes remove and dry with a towel. Breathe naturally, dress in warm clothing and set on hot stove thirty minutes."

Brewer—"Name a parasite."

Archie-"Me."

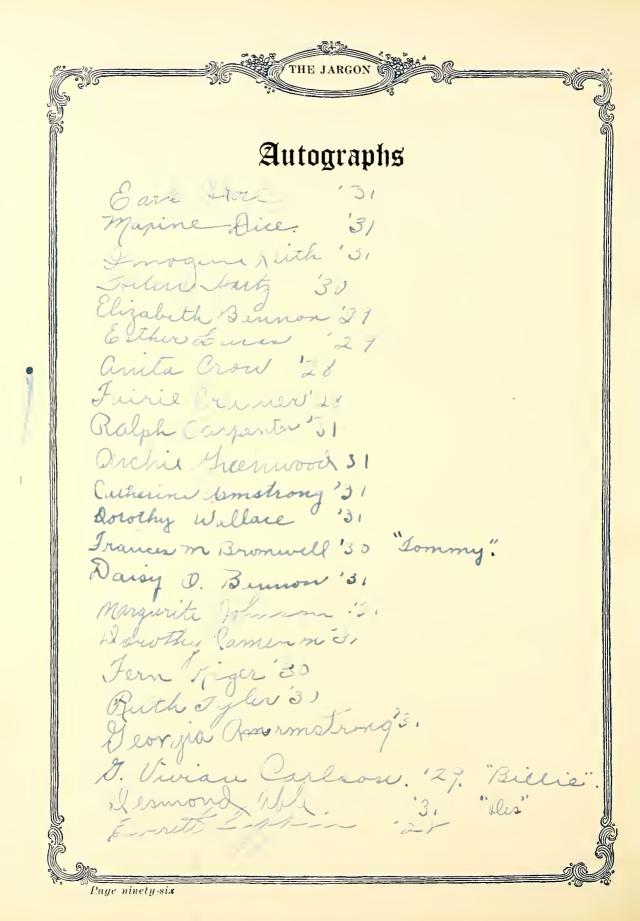
Brewer—"Yes, but name another one."

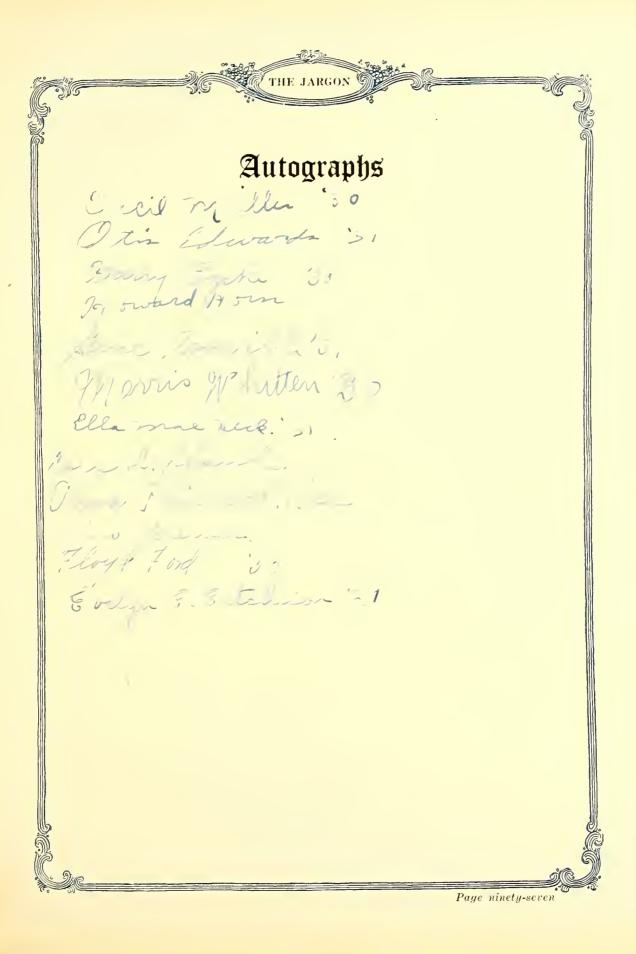


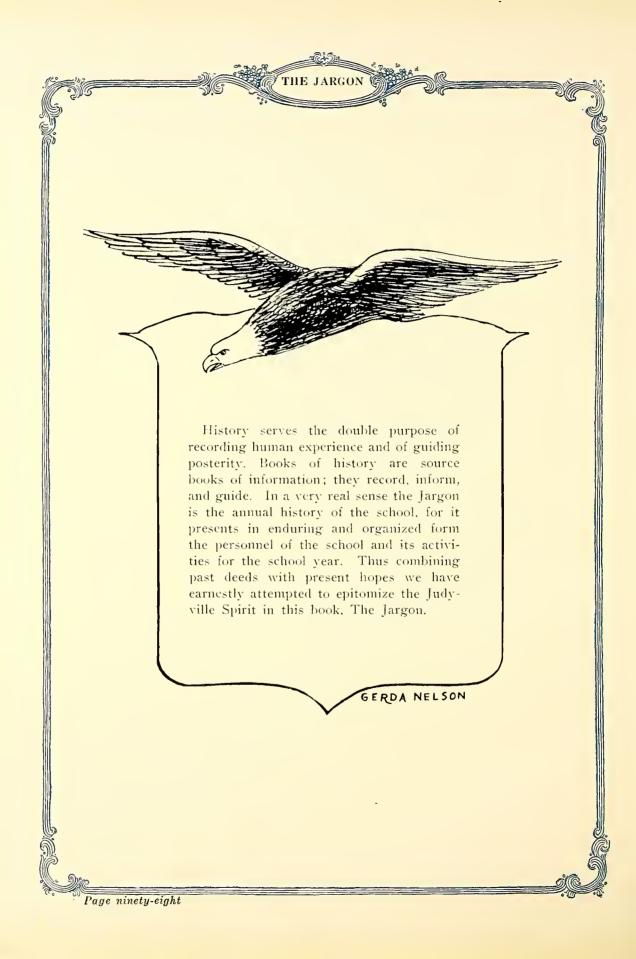




Sarra E. White '30 becil B. abel '28 Osalie B. Bambidye. 31. Elmo M. Francis. Class of 28.







THE JARGON

THE END-

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